ALWAYS HEADQUARTERS

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY.

Extracts, Patent Medicines,

STUFFS,

A FULL line of Paints, Varnishes. Combs, Brushes, Hair Oils, Bay Rum, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Face Powders, Fine Toilet Soaps, Tooth Powders, Tooth Brushes, Ladies' Hand Mirrors, Razors. Shaving Setts, Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Supporters, &c.

Pure, High Toned Flavoring Extracts, Baking Powders and Soda, Pepper Allspice, Ginger, and Finest Teas in the market. Cigars and Tobacco. Best Coal Oil Lamps and Lamp
Goods, and every variety of choice
Goods and necessary articles usually
kept in First Class Drug Stores and
used in families.

Then we have nice fresh buttermilk every day and corn meal hoccakes
split open and butter to go with it. And
once or twice in a while I am allowed to
have a meas of cod fish, with eggs and
cream, and the dish is set close to me at
one end of the long table, and Mrs. Arp
sits afar off at the other end and looks

PATENT MEDICINES, all the Standard and Reliable ones kept in stock. The sweetest and most delicate Perfumes and Odors, and a full line of Colognes and Toilet Water always in stock.

Chapped hands, face and lips are very prevalent at this season of the year, and nothing will cure and prevent this annoying affliction so effectually as a box of Camphor Ice, Cosmaline, or some of our pure Glycerine.

FANCY GOODS and Sundries, and a thousand and one other articles of general use may be found in our complete stock.

With the compliments of the Season, we are yours, &c.,

Attention of the Farmers of Anderson County is respectfully called to our

OLD RELIABLE BRANDS OF

IGH GRADE GUANO AND ACID

th are so well and favorably known throughout the County, and which we are now ared to offer them in any quantity, for Cash or Cotton. We have always anyou low prices, and are prepared to do so again. Call and

We are in a position to offer inducements to CASH BUYERS of

PRN, FLOUR, BACON, MOLASSES

GENERAL PLANTATION SUPPLIES. are receiving large quantities of these Goods direct from the points of production

We are Agents for the Celebrated WHITE HICKORY WAGONS—guaranteed the or of any make.

Misbawaha Sulky and Ordinary Turning Plows,
Daniel Pratt Gins, Fooders and Condensers,
Count's Home-made, 7-Fingered Grain Cradle—the
Best Cradle eyer offered on this or any other market.
The Champion Mowers, Reapers and Binders, with
The latest improvements, making them
The most desirable Harvesting Machines
In the World.

Our Stock of General Morchandise is complete in all Departments, and we re-ully solicit a call from any desiring to buy Goods, as our facilities enable us to be best Goods at the most reasonable prices.

McCULLY, CATHCART & CO.

nderson, S. C., Feb. 12, 1885

CHAPMAN

IS NOW OFFERING

PODS AT AND BELOW COST!

80 as to close out his entire stock of Winter Goods before 1st February, 1885.

JUST THINK OF IT!

CLOAKS from \$3 00 to \$10.00.

SHAWLS from \$50 to \$5 00.

BLANKETS from \$1.00 per pair up to \$8.00.

BHEETINGS at 50 per yard.

BED TICKINGS from 8c per yard to 25a.

JEANS cheaper than ever.

DRESS GOODS from 10c per yard up.

BFLANNELS from 20c per yard up to \$1.15. Best PRINTS 6c per yard.

HOES from 50c per pair up to \$6.50

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das I have only a few Trunks, Vallses and Hats on hand I am determined to bem out regardless of cost.

hem out regardless of cost. fore buying I ask everybody to examine my stock.

W. A. CHAPMAN.

DON'T

Your Wife and Children of one of the Greatest, post Elevating and Refining of all the Sciences,

MUSIC.

MOMY SAYS GET THE BEST OF EVERYTHING!

Chickering Pianos and Mason & Hamlin Organs

e RECOGNIZED LEADERS OF THE WORLD for Musical Instruments, or cost a little more than absence Instruments, simply because more care and naterial 10 ased in their manufacture.

one to buy in a life-time. GET THE BEST.

J. A. DANIELE, AGENT FOR LEADEN & BATTER VALENTINE'S DAY.

Arp Talks of the Ways of the World. The good St. Valentine lived in a warmer latitude than this—sometimes we have a breath of Spring by the 14th we have a breath of Spring by the 14th of February, but not often. The birds are not mating now—in fact, they have not yet come out of Winter quarters in this region. The peach buds are not swelling. The willows on the branches show no signs. We have planted nothing in the garden, but we live in hope and faith that Spring will come and is near at hand. The young lambs have come and are shaking their little tails, and some of the hens have gone to setting and that is a sign. It has been a hard, long Winter, and so we will enjoy the Spring all the more. We can't plow, for the ground is either f-ozen or it is too wet. The boys can't hunt, for the guns freeze to their hands, but they run rabbits, and we have a rabbit stew most every day all mixed up with Irish polatoes, and day all mixed up with Irish potatoes, and ti is a savory dish. It is mighty hard to keep up an inviting bill of fare now, for we are afar off from oysters and fish and beefsteak. It is too late for backbone and sparerib and too soon for turnip greens, and so the rabbits and the birds help out and vary the monotony. But we have big lye hominy most all the time, and that is bard to beat; and we

have eggs—lots of eggs—and cook them in lots of ways, and they are good any way you cook them. I don't know what the country folks would do without chickens and eggs. A good fat old hen makes the best soup in the world, and will almost cure the tootheche at my will almost cure the toothache at my house. Then we have nice fresh butteramazed to see the children help me dispose of it. "The idea," says she, "that my children eat cod fish!" And so, when she and they eat tripe, I put on airs and say, "The idea of my children eating tripe!" Cow peas are a good country dish and the cheapest thing I know of. Children love them and will know of. Children love them and will keep fat and healthy, and then there are the roasted potatoes that they never get tired of. Anything roasted in the ashes or broiled on the coals is better than to or orolled on the coals is better than to be cooked on a stove. We have great big fireplaces, four feet wide, and the lit tle chaps have got eggs or potatoes in the ashes most every day, and it keeps them dirty and contented, for they are always hungry, and that is a good sign. Children who have no appetite are in a bad way. They are purposed.

way. They are puny. So it is with stock. The best horses are the heartiest eaters. Hungry folks don't need any **Comparison of the morning refreshed, and is ready for another day. I have great respect and admiration for the working-men of this land. They are the backbone of the government and will be its best protection when trouble comes. Mr. Randall tion when trouble comes. Mr. Randall wrote well about them in the Augusta paper, when he said that if these millionairs, who are making their immeuse fortheir methods, they would have to pay one half of the common people to keep the other half from taking their ill gotten gains away. Wealth is not always secure. There are millions of restless nearly made and secured the second of the common people are not always secure.

ber of the public tranquility. He has-ent got time or inclination. Idleness is the parent of vice, and when these idle men beg for employment, the rich men had better give it to them—give it to them at any sacrifice. If a man wants to work for bread for his tamily the work ought to be provided, even if it is work. ing on the road. Bread is due every man if he will work for it. When the mills are stopped and a thousand families are cut off from bread they are a terrible element to deal with. There are some things that know no law, and hunger is one of them. The concentration of wealth in the hands of the few is the great danger that threatens government everywhere. No man has a right to a hundred millions when his nabors are

starving. It shocks humanity. It shocks judgment and reason and pity. The people will respect and tolerate a fortune of a million, for that sum is surely enough to put the family above all dan ger of want; but for ten millions or a hundred there is no sympathy. There is a deep scated conviction everywhere that most of it is ill gotten, and even if hon-estly gotten it ought to be surrendered and distributed. Good men feel more than they say, for they do not want to be

classed with communisto.

everywhere lament these colossal fortunes, and some day a spark will be kindled that even good men will not try to put out. There is but one safety for such fortunes, and that is to give them attention of road commissioners, over seers and citizens generally throughout the country to the fact that merely temporary work on the public roads does not not a series and citizens generally throughout the country to the fact that merely temporary work on the public roads does not not a series and citizens generally throughout the country to the fact that merely temporary work on the public roads does not

cities want fuel. There are a thousand in Atlanta who have not got it. Your people called them there. You are calling all the time, "Come, all ye ends of the earth; come to Atlanta." So they came, and many of them are struggling for bread and clothing. Your rich men roll in wealth, and if a man who is worth a hundred thousand gives ten dolworth a hundred thousand gives ten dol-lars to keep your poor from starving or freezing he is published in your paper as a benefactor, a philantrophist, and so he consoles himself and receives his bene-dictions. If it were not for your benev-nlent women your poor would perish. As a general thing the rich men have no As a general thing the rich men have no more conception of true charity than a Comanchee Indian. They would'nt give a cent, but for public opinion. The poor are the charitable. They give a hundred fold more than the rich in proportion to their means. The world don't know how much the poor do for one another.

Albert Sidney Johnson,

and have their mother to back them, and I am kept as humble and submissive as a pet lamb. I have been imposed on ever since I came into the family. They take since I came into the family. They take mighty good care of me, especially when I am sick, but they make me pay back and keep me busy when I am well. Their school begins Monday, and then I will be in for another seige of geography and erithmetic and so forth every night. and arithmetic, and so forth, every night them back in rainy weather. But such is life, and the business of one genera-tion is to raise another, and it is the best business and the happiest I know of business and the napped Blessed are they who enjoy it. BILL ARP.

Two Sides to Everything. EDITOR COTTON PLANT: A great deal has been said about the advantages of growing more corn than cotton. Now this opens up a debatable subject and the affirmative side is looked on as the strongest. To test the weight of two objects place them in balance scales, which de cides the matter at once, but in this case complicated matters come up, and as the complicated matters come up, and as the farmers are always ready to have their experience tested as to what has been their success in planting the various kinds of produce, the Cotton Plant has opened its columns for the benefit of the riculturist, that if there are good plans agriculturist, that if there are good plane advised, they can be taken up, and the worthless modes thrown saide. In the first place, it is admitted that barns full that have often of corn are very essential; but how often are efforts made to fill the barns and turn out to be almost a clear failure. Then what is the consequence? If no oats or other substitute is made, a fall back has to be made on King Cotton enough to master all deficiencies. Yes, three bales of cotton will pay for two hundred bush-els of corn laid down at the corn buyer's nearest depot. Right here let us illus trate: Three bales of cotton are made on five acres of upland, and let the same acreage and same quality of land be fertilizers be used and the cost of labor one half to make the corn, and when it is gathered it only measures out fifty businels; figure this down to a close calculation and see what the profits are. The entire cost of making and gathering the three bales of cotton was eighty dollars, and the entire cost of making and gathering the fifty bushels of corn was forty dollars; the bales of cotton each weighed four hundred pounds, at ten cents a pound the amount would be \$120; the fifty bushels of corn at seventy-five cents per bushel would be \$37.

50. A clear loss on the corn would be 50. A clear loss on the corn would be \$250, and the net profit on the cotton \$4 00. The cotton seed from the cotton would more than equal in value the shucks and fodder from the corn, and

"Straws show which way the winds A planter setting a good example is worthy to be a guide, like Mr. W. Martin, near Hodges Depot, who is a man of good, sound judgment and a practical planter. He was of late interviewed by a correspondent of the Cotton Plant on his experience of fifteen years in farming, and remarked: at first, for years, he made the raising of cotton a specialty, and succeeded to all expectations; next, he turned his attention more particular-ly to the growth of grain leaving off cotton to some extent, and at the end of the years of the grain farming it did not fit up so well as the cotton farming did. He recommends diversified crops and the planting of plenty of all kinds of grain, but make cotton a specialty, and at the end of the year alf business transaction fits up to a traction and a a tra people who would divide out if they could, and they are getting bolder every day. But the common farmers and laboraters of the country are not of their class. They are for law and order and good government. A man who works hard every day is not apt to be a disturber of the public transmitter. He have the country are not of their class. They are for law and order and good government. A man who works hard every day is not apt to be a disturber of the public transmitter. He have the country are not of their class. They are for law and order and good government. A man who works hard every day is not apt to be a disturber of the public transmitter. He have the country are not of the public transmitter. These were his last words, its and losses before the experiment is its and losses before the experiment is made. "A word to the wise is sufficient."
Of late, a noted lecturer, asking for contributions, in the midst of his a large audience, said that the people were complaining of short crops and hard times and at the end of the year the tongue and buckle would not meet, but advised them to cut a plug out of the middle by giving liberally, and then press the two sides together and it would be all right. All of the audience could not see into the mystery, but concluded it was strategy. Sarcasm or no sarcasm, it is a conclusive fact, that there are two ides to everything. Cokesbury, S. C. W. A. MOORE.

Public Roads Again.

The people in many parts of the coun try are again almost cut off from their local markets and isolated from society by the miserable quagmires, yelept pub-lic roads. Thousands, no doubt, are abusing the road laws, while profane thoughts are in their hearts, if wicked words do not find vent by way of their lips. This seems to be the proper season of the year for such things, but the Spring will soon be at hand, and the time for putting the roads in passable condi

pay. A few days extra work and bad piece of road in an intelligent man ner will save a vast deal of labor and annoyance in the future. It is almost use-less to throw a few pine tops and a little dirt in a gully and leave it so that it will wash out and be worse than ever the next heavy rain that comes. Road offilearn bow work done on the roads may be made permanent. The great point in securing good roads is drainage. Water should not be allowed to collect at any point on a road to do damage even during the heaviest rains. A little work

From a recent article by Colonel Wm. Preston Johnson on his father and the Shiloh campaign, we quote the following: "Gen. Johnson was with Stratham's brigade, confronting Hurbut's left, which was behind the crest of a hill, with a depression filled with chaparrai in its front. The Confederates held the parallel ridge in easy musket range; and as beavy firing as I ever saw during the war, says Governor Harris, was kept up on both sides for an hour or more. It was necessary to cross the valley raked by this deadly ambuscade and assail the opposite ridge in order to drive the ene-my from his stronghold. When Gen. Johnson came up and saw the situation he said to his staff: 'They are offering stubborn' resistance here. I shall have to put the bayonet to them.' It is the crisis of the conflict. The Federal key was in front. If his assault was success

ful, their left would be completely turned, and the victory won.

He determined to charge. He sent Governor Harris, of his staff, to lead a Tennesseo regiment; and after a brief conference with Breckenridge, whom he loved and admired, that officer, followed by his staff, appealed to his soldiers. As he encouraged them with his fine voice and manual bearing Goneral Johnson and manly bearing, General Johnson rode out in front and slowly down the line. His hat was off. His sword rested in its scabbard. In his right hand he hald a little time to the little time. held a little tin cup, the memorial of an incident that had occurred earlier in the day. Paseing through a captured camp, he had taken this toy, saying, 'Let this be my share of the spoils to day.' It was this plaything, which holding it be tween two fingers, he employed more effectively in his natural, simple gestieulation than most men could have used a sword. His presence was full of inspira-tion. He sat on his thoroughbred bay, 'Fire-eater,' with easy command. His voice was persuasive, encouraging and compelling. His words were few; he said: 'Men! they are stubborn; we must use the bayonet.' When he reached the centre of the line he turned. 'I will lead you!' he cried, and moved to ward the enemy. The line was already thr lling and trembling with that irresi tible ardor which in battle decides the day. With a mighty shout the line moved forward at a charge. A sheet of flame and a mighty roar burst from the Federal stronghold. The Confederate line withered but there was not an instant's paste. stant's pause. The crest was gained.

The enemy were in flight.

General Johnson had passed through the ordeal seemingly undurt. His borse was shot in four places; his clothes were pierced by missiles; his boot soles were cut and torn by a minnie; but if he him self had received any severe wound, he did not know it. At this moment Gov ernor Harris rode up from the right. After a few words, General Johnson sent him with an order to Colonel Stratham, which having delivered, he speedily re-turned. In the meantime, knots and groups of Federal soldiers kept up a desultory fire as they retreated upon their supports, and their last line, now yield ing, delivered volley after volley as they sullenly retired. By the chance of war, a minnie ball from one of these did its fatal work. As he sat there after his would. Captain Wickham says that Col onel O'Hars, of his staff, rode up and General Johnson said to him, 'We must under cover of the hill, and lifted him from it. They searched at random for the wound, which had cut an artery in his leg, the blood flowing into his boot. When his brother in law, Preston, lifted no word. His life rapidly ebbed away, and in a few moments he was dead.

ate grief, he smiled faintly, but uttered "His wound was not necessarily fatal General Johnson's own knowlege of military surgery was adequate for its control by an extemporized tourniquet, had he been aware or regardful of its nature.

Dr. D. W. Yandell, his surgeon, had attended his person during most of the morning; but finding a large number of wounded men, including many Federals, at one point, General Johnson ordered Yandell to stop there, establish a hospital and give them his aerrices. We received manuer, to another object. We turned around and he was pale and the lantern trembling in his hand; he pointed under the table, and there lay the form and dried frame of another human being. Examining close it proved to be that of a once beautiful female. She too al and give them his services. He said to Yandell; These men were our enemies a moment ago; they are prisoners now. Take care of them. Yandell re monstrated against leaving him, but he was peremptory. Had Yandell remained with him he would have had little diffi-

culty with the wound."

THE LAST CHARGE AT SHILOH. attacking party. The enemy was driven back all day, as we had been the day be

Man in Love and Out.

It is the custom to abuse the road laws, but if the road laws were enforced with intelligence throw how much the poor do for one another; how they nurse their sick and bury their dead, and help in every ways they can. Two beggars came to my house yesterday. They were honestly poor and had been burnt out, and asked for a little help. I gave them half a dollar, and found out afterwards that a poor nabor of mine entertained them over night with food and lodging, and over night with food and lodging, and gave them a dollar besides, and I felt ashamed of myself. I am a good deal better off, and, therefore, I am meaner, I reckto.

And now comes wet shoes and wet stockings, and it is all from the beautiful sonow. The boys have just come in with a rabbit, and it has cost me half a dollar. I know, for the shoes have to be dried and will draw up and crack, and they want they want dry stockings, and to-morrow they will go squain or they will be siding down the bill, and the girls want me² to put runners on the bugg, or rig up a box; for, they say, the beautiful anow does not come often, and they want to do and the want and they want to do and the want and the comprow they want does not come often, and they want to do and the want to do and the want to be and will alway to do and the want to a do and the want to an an and the point and the girls want me² to put runners on the bugg, or rig up a box; for, they say, the beautiful anow does not come often, and they want to do and the want to an another to

CHAINED SKELETONS.

Correspondence Nashville World. don for the Southwestern portion of this County for a few days' bird and squirrel hunt, having for our companion A. M. Lee, the acknowledged prince of post-masters. Being securely seated behind a two forty (hours) thoroughbred, we were soon on our hunting ground, it being in the immediate vicinity where we were hoth born and said as a matter. were both born and raised, as a matter of course we were well acquainted with the woods. While following a rocky branch, known as the Gin Branch, we high hill, our setter, Charlie, made a dash at the rabbit, and both rabbit and Charlie disappeared in the hill. The entrance was what we supposed to be a crevice in the rocks, as the margin of the hill was covered with large sand rocks; in a moment the bats came pouring out by the hundreds; the weather being chilly they fell to the ground in a stupor as soon as the air struck them—their slumbers had been disturbed by the dog. We were enjoying the fun when, to our astonishment, several large born owls eame flopping out—one gave a dismal hoot as though he had not seen daylight in years, or wished to frighten us away. Becoming uneasy for fear our dog could not return, Mr. Lee went to the entrance of the cave, taking a pole and probing some six feet, he found it made an abrupt angle to the right; the opening was barely sufficient for a common sized man to enter; he groped his way until it be-came so dark that he returned and re vealed the terrible news that it opened out into what he believed to be a large ball, and that he could hear Charlie run uing around and whining, as though be was lost and could not find his way out. We sent to a neighboring house and pro cured a lantern, determined to rescue Charlie at all bazards. With lantern in hand we both entered, compelled to crawl on hands and knees for some distance before we could walk erect; the entrance turned first to the right, then to the left in a zigzag form; finally we met Charlie and his bark, as it echoed and re-echoed astonished us to such an extent that we raised our lantern over our heads, which threw a bright light around. We stood dumb for a moment; we were shocked and horrified; the surroundings were revealed; we were in a large room, cejled on sides and overhead with rude clapboards. Before us set a large table with a mutilated pack of cards in the centre; heavy wooden chairs around the table; a couple of large and rough shop-made knives on one corner. As soon as we could collect our senses and calm our staggered brain we found we were in a secret cave that had once been occupied by a band of outlaws, but who or when, was the question. In surveying the room, which was 18x18, we found, in one corner, a black something; holding the light close, our blood was chilled; it was a large black man, his skin and flesh deep deep. large black man, his skin and flesh dry as those who, in ancient days, were given passage over Sharon; a large and rough made chain was locked around his ankle and fastened to a staple in the floor. In the opposite corner lay the dricd frames of two huge bloodhounds; in an old and heavy wooden box was found two old fashioned horse pistols with flint locks; they had undoubtedly done service in the revolution; there was also several pair of haudcuffs. We began to think that we were in the regions of the damued. Waen looking on the rough wall there we saw "the handwriting." It was "John A. Murrell, 1828." We were in the great outlaw den.

the great outlaw's den; we could then see that the man chained had been stolen by the bold bandit—brought there and death-starved to death. Her long yel-low hair still clung to the dry skin on her head, which hung in golden tresses over her bosom that once heaved with the breath of life, though now cold; her once ruby lips were parted so as to disclose a set of pearly teeth. How came she in a robber's den? She could not

have been a victim to Cupid's dart; if From General Grant's account of the sattle of Shiloh, we quote the following : "This day everything was favorable to the Federal side. We now had become fore, until finally be beat a precipitate retreat. The last point held by him was near the road from the landing to Corrinth, on the left of Sherman and right of McClernand. About 8 o'clock, being near that point, and seeing that the enemy was giving way everywhere else, I gathered up a couple of regiments, or parts of regiments, from troops near by, formed them in line of battle and marched them forward, going in front
myself to prevent premature or longrange firing. At this point there was a
clearing between us and the enemy favorable for charging, although exposed. I able for charging, although exposed. I knew the enemy were ready to break, and only wanted a little encouragement from us to go quickly and join their friends who had started earlier. After marching to within musket-range, I stopped and let the troops pass. The command charge, was given, and wasexecuted with loud cheers, and with a run, when the dition than a great deal of work on reads that are not properly drained or not last of the enemy broke."

The Cave of the Famous Murrell Gang

HUNTINGDON, TENN., Feb. 13. On the 11th instant we left Hunting. came to where it skirted the margin of a

chained until they could run him South and sell him. The presumption is that when the cave was deserted he was alive; when the cave was deserted he was alive; the doom was sure, but what agony he underwent—chained and alone—his face like Milton's devii, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile." The bloodbounds had been kept for the purpose of recapturing any slave that might escape. As we were about making our exit our companion, Lee, called our attention, in an excited manner to enother chiest. We

so, why chain her? She undoubtedly had been kidnapped and held for ran-som. But our hearts grow sick as we write; several letters were found of suspicious character, but as they contain the names of people in Middle Tennes-see, we decline to give their contents. The discovery of the den has caused great excitement in the neighborhood. Numbers have visited the place, and a few have ventured in. Mr. W. C. Blair. on whose land the cave is, refused to have anything disturbed until the people could see it. He permitted A. M. Lee to remove the dragoon pistols, which have John A. Murrell's initials stamped on the barrels. Any person wishing to see them can call on him at the postoffice in Huntingdon, where he will take great pleasure in showing them.

The Pricel sapess of Man.

Let men speculate as they will on man's origin and place, let them ex-cound the stages of development by which he has attained his present structure and power; this much, at least, is clear about him-clear on the face of God's word; that he is a being whose rescue from moral evil is held on high to be worth the agony and the bloody sweat, the cross and passion, the precious death and burial, the glorious resurrection of the Son of God. His racrifice is the eternal witness to the truth that man at his very worst is worthy of being minis tered to from heaven, and at a cost which

defies expression in terms of our earthly If you are tempted to think meanly of man; If, face to face with the dark facts of his vice and frailty, all the fine things of his vice and frailty, all the fine things that poets have song of him and prophets have forecast, seem to you to be a hollow mockey, then remember that there is a judgment above yours; remember that, however little you can see to honor or admire, there must be in each one something of infinite value, since God would fain redeem each for himself by an infinite sacrifice. The humblest personality is glorified by this thought of redemption, and you cannot stand before a human being, no matter what his race, his creed or his character, without being in the presence of one whom God loves and for whom Christ has died.

- Idianis is the new of all ovil.

A Farm For Breeding Geese.

The only goose ranch—that is a farm devoted to the breeding and care of geese, in this country is owned and operated by Philadelphians. The farm is located on the Eastern shore of Virginia, and covers nearly 3 000 acres, over which the feath ered occupants are free to roam. In England there are a number of such farms, some of them having as high as 1,000 geese. The American one is of much larger proportions as it flocks num ber in the neighborhood of 5,000 birds In certain textile branches of trade the down and feathers of geese are the main raw materials. The manufacture of fine quilts and the preparation of certain articles of dress utilize the down, and in cheaper grades of goods the younger and softer feathers are used in the way of adulteration. The large and strong feathers of the tails and wings go mainly into the quill pens used by professiona engrossers, lawyers, clergymen, author-and others. These are too tough for

much use in the textile productions noted The American farm is devoted exclu sively to producing the raw materials needed for the fine down quilts. Several species of geese are bred, all of them being, however, of American lineage.
The largest specimens are the swan geese, and the plumage of all is of snowy whiteness. The birds are regularly fed with corn and other grains, and are given the utmost freedom consistent with the prevention of straying and loss. In conquence, men are employed as herders to keep a watchful eye on their charges Sheds for shelter are provided in case of nclement or especially severe weather,

out the birds rarely use them. About every six weeks the plucking takes place. Only the breast and portions of the side are touched, the feath ers of the back, the wings and the tail being left intact. It requires nearly one nundred average geese to furnish a pound of down, though the smaller feathers, which are also taken, weigh much heavi er. These feathers, however, form an

entirely separate grade of product from the valuable down.

The average life of a goose is said to be about forty years, and they produce from six to ten eggs per annum, a large proportion of which are hatched. A bird hatched in February is in condition or batched in February is in condition tor plucking the following August, and so on thereafter ever six or eight weeks. The feathers are packed in sacks and sent to the Philadelphia factory, where they are trimmed, washed, steamed, and otherwise prepared for their ultimate uses. In adulterating the fluffy down for the cheaper grades of goods the feathers are chopped up fine and then mingled with the more valuable material. So with the more valuable material. practiced are some manufacturers that it requires an expert to distinguish between the grades. The local factory, which is he only one of prominence in the coun try, makes nothing but the finer goods Heretofore the down and feathers used n American markets have been imported.

-Philadelphia Press.

The Lethean River.

Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," Young the authorol Night Libegies, calls sleep "tired nature's sweet restorer." On the enchanted plains of dream land, we forget our troubles and are happy for the time. We bathe our weary limbs the time. We bathe our weary limbs and aching heads in the Lethean river, where all is placid, calm and serene, and He that spoke to the storm-rocked Sea of Callice and the mad waves cowered at his word will smooth our ways to be seen the storm-rocked sea of Callice and the mad waves cowered at bis word, will smooth our rough pathway and "give his beloved sleep." We don't like the thoughtless and flippant express ion attributed to Sancho Panza: "Bless." d be the man that invented sleep Sleep was not invented, and if it was, it was done by man. It is one of the richest boons that a merciful Providence has vouch safed to erring and ungrateful man. It is the bivouse in the battle of life where the tired soldier may snatch a life where the tired soldier may snatch a moment to repose from the stern and exacting duties of the camp. Sleep is a blessing that comes to all alike. The rich cannot monopolize it, and the poor cannot be detrauded out of it. The infant that has just opened its eyes upon the beauties and the flowers of the sunny landscape of time, and the aged pilgrim that is about to bid it farewell, and thronging multitudes that stand between these two extremes, all enloy the privithese two extremes, all enjoy the privi-lege, the luxury, the blessing of sleep. Shakspeare's utterances on this subject, grand, comprehensive and far-reaching era about the dwellings of poverty and the invalid's couch like a ministering angel of mercy, binding up the broken heart and bathing the fevered brow with the healing waters of a happy and heal the forget tubes. thy forgettulness. When the duties and labors of the day are done, and "dark ness drops her curtain down and pins it with a star," the welcome and refreshing spirit of slumber steals over us so gently and wooes us so tenderly that we natur-

ally and unconsciously sink into its sweet embrace. The Summer, with its debilitating days and sweltering nights, makes reatless and uneasy and disturbed slumber aimost universal, and those who, at no other time, miss an hour's sleep, have a chance to learn what a boon, what a priceless thing it is to enjoy undisturbed repose. The tired laborer, the weary mother, the fretful child, the restless invalid all appreciate to the fullest invalid, all appreciate to the fullest extent the refreshing and soothing influ ence of that preserver of health, restorer in sickness, and prolonger of life, a sufficiency of healthful and invigorating sleep.—Columbia Yeoman.

Women Who Detest a Marriage.

Men marry the rattle brains of society.

They choose the pretty, good for nothing girls, for that is the kind they like; they

run after and marry the liveliest girl at a picnic or ball, though she may be a "holy terror" at home; they rush after the belle and the heiress, though she may, be selfish and spoiled. They pass by the jewels and take "the snide," for that is jewels and take the shide, for that is all they know, and then, like Adam, they blame the fruits of their own folly on the woman. Twas ever thus. But, brethren—we wish to break it to you gently—there are women right here at home who have their own minoy to spend as they please, who have their own pleasant homes and congenial occupations, who can, if the fancy seizes them, pack their trunks and take a jaunt to New Orleans, slip off to Washington for a few weeks, take in the cream of New York or the balmy airs of Florida; in short, have a royal time in any way. new xore or the baimy airs of Florida; in short, have a royal time in any way they choose, who call no man master, and who "wouldn't marry the best man that ever stepped in shoe leather." This will be a shock to you, beloved brethren but it is none the less true. Women find pleasure and comfort and happiness outside of matrimony. It is not flattering to men, but there is a growing disinclination to marriage among women. They to men, but there is a growing distriction to marriage among women. They are growing more critical as to the measure of a man. He will have to come up to a nobler, higher standard, or, in the practical parance of the day, he will per tiles."—Woman's Little to Patteburg indignation, and grantal unthrite may follow.

The Father at Home.

Some fathers fail to gain their chil-

sympathy. On the other hand, few young people ever take the trouble to put themselves in their father's place—to imagine how he must feel this or that behavior, how a disrespectful word or look insults him, or a voluntary confidence is prized by him. There are many things, no doubt, which boys and girls do not care to speak of before their father; but they do not know how burt pater familias feels when a conversation is stopped upon his entering the room. is stopped upon his entering the room, when he is made to feel that he is not me of the circle, that he is a power to be respected and propitiated, but no more. Very often a man has himself to blame for this state of things, but not always. Often it is mere love of secrecy which make girls especially exclude their father make girls especially exclude their father as much as possible from a knowledge of their doings, their friends, their comings and goings, their fears and hopes. With ome this reticence must be necessary. Confidences would only be met with uspicion or blame or ridicule. But most men have a tender spot in their hearts, even for the weakness and foolishmess of "their own flosh" and feel ness of "their own flesh," and feel pained when they are silently cond-maed is unworthy of confidence. Pater famifias may be too proud to show that he feels hurt. He may wrap himself up in dignity and uffect a contempt for the trifling concerns of the girls; he may even repel the first advances, but his heart may be exclaiming bitterly against the coldness and hardness which excludes the coldness and hardness which excludes oim from the knowledge of his daughter's mind and heart which is given to half a dozen school girl friends. A girl owes much to her father, even if he has not been all to her that a parent ought to be. He has had to work hard, very probably, that her bread and butter might be secure. He has borne cares, anxieties, struggles, temptations, at which she can but guess—of which she can form no real conception. If he is hard and unsympathetic some allowance nard and unsympathetic some allowance for the nervous irritation of an overworked or anxious man may surely be made. And a gial never, we believe, has any conception how precious she is in her tather's eyes. Rough words and cold or angry looks may seem to disprove it, but ense, than his wife, she appeals to his protective care. He may scold or slight her, but let any real harm threaten her and she will see that to touch her is to touch the apple of his eye. The day and sympathy are transferred to another, in right of a still higher claim. There is little wonder if poor pater familias looks admit that he is the one at whose coming his reigh must end. It is the way of nature, and it must be so. But it is hard. A father often loses more on his daughter's marriage than her mother does But a father's right changes entirely when the ring is put on the finger. Till the fairy prince comes, then, let pater familias be considered and deferred to, and if necessary, humored. Let him not be made to feel that bare duty is to be paid to him. Let him not feel himself a stranger in his own house. For many a little aggrifice many a grante of many a little sacrifice, many a gentle or patient word, unnoticed, unacknowledged at the time, and soon forgotten by her who renders it, lives in the memory of

Does Farming Pay?

him who receives it .- Waverly.

This question is often foolishly asked and often foolishly discussed by men lives from hand to mouth is fully presuch discussions, by such men, tend to dissatisfy young farmers and to make them believe that the world has work ings. It this question is discussed so as to dignify the work of the tarm and make men and women better contented with their occupation and cause them to improve their methods of work and beautify their homes, then it is well to talk about it. In our County there are more than 30,000 people depending directly on the farms for a support. They are generally not in a condition to meditate a change. They are like the boy watching the go-pher hole. With him it was not a question of pay, or whether some other occu-pation would not be better, but meat be pation would not be better, but meat he was obliged to have and he had to get it out of that very hole he was watching.
You night as well ask if merchandising pays and answer by giving a long list of men who have failed in the last fifteen years in our County. So with the learned professions and all occupations. When you consider the failures of men where you consider the failures of men who go into any business, it is easy to prove that it does not pay. We believe the outlook it does not pay. We believe the outlook for the farmer in Spartanburg County is just as good as it is for any other profession. He and his boys may not wear quite as fine clothes as the dry goods clerk who is getting \$25 00 a month and paying four-fifths of that for board and washing, or the hotel elerk or the bank cashier, but they are just as much to be respected as those who wear kid gloves and fine linen. Farming does pay even here on the old red hills of Spartanburg. here on the old red hills of Spartanburg. It keeps alive more than forty thousand people, and builds fine houses and pays interest on railroad debts and keeps up the State government and is the grand motive power which keeps all other wheels in motion. Of course farming pays. If farm operations should stop for one year, banks, factories, stores and professions would all go under; The question is not whether it pays or not, but how to get larger returns for labor and improve the farms and country homes so much that clerks and professional men will be attracted to farm life, and will always be longing for the time to come always be longing for the time to come when they can quit the drudgery of the store and the cobwebs of the office for an

Thirty Years on One Meal a Day.

independent life on the farm .- Spartan-burg Spartan.

Datid Allen, of East Bridgewater, Mass, has gained a good deal of noto-riety on account of eating only one meal a day. Mr. Allen-is a tormer fifty-four a day. Mr. Allen is a tormer fifty four years of ege, raiber below the average height, strong and healthy in appearance. He said that some thirty years ago, knowing that frequent eating was injurious, he began to cakenly one meal a day, taking an ordinary dinner as near noon each day as possible, and bas since continued the practice and does not mean to give it up. He cate slowly, usually occupying from a half to three quarters of as hour at the table. He does as much work as the average man. Mr. Allen never used tobacco in any form, and has never drank intoxicating liquors. The only indulgence which he grant himself, aside from the noon meah, is an occasional apple or some little fruit.